

## Analect. I.

## "Preach the word"—Paul.

See Jeremiah : 23 28, 29. In this passage the Almighty gives no direction for embellishments, or jesture; neck-tie, or dress logic, or elocution: He says nothing about eloquence of speech, or beauty of diction. He simply directs as to *matter*, and except in one particular leaves *manner*, to individual peculiarities. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream." That is, whatever is of human conception, origin or end, let it be given as such, in its proper time and place, but keep honesty of purpose, and truth in sentiment on your side, give it as a "dream." Science, philosophy, commerce, agriculture, mathematics, physics, literature, when compared with the "word" is a "dream"—then tell it as such, but never give them as the mandates of the Almighty, or the finding of the majesty of heaven, where God is silent. Who will dare to be dogmatic? Where infinite wisdom has not spoken, finite ignorance certainly may not speak with authority. Men of science! Who are they? The sciences of today, stand as the paradoxes of tomorrow. "The heavens and the earth shall pass away, but my words, shall never fail." Tell them, as a "dream;" tell this, "with all authority." God speaks, and you are the echo of His sentiments give "no uncertain sound." The edicts of courts are mandatory, a subordinate has no discretion—he must execute. The court of heaven is no exception. The ambassador of the cross has but to announce the words of his king—promulgate the commands of his sovereign. Execute the preemptory mandates of his judge. "So, 'He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully.' No human, edicts, findings, judgments, i. e. "dreams." "My word," and "My word," only. All else is "Chaff." This, and this alone is "wheat"—what an estimate of human intellect and embellishment, "Chaff!" "Chaff." As far as salvation is concerned. How hard we study—how dilligently we labor, and when we bring our product to the Master for inspection, not one grain of wheat is found. "Chaff" all! all! is "chaff."

Oh! my brother, hear it ever ringing from the chimes of the eternal world, "What is the chaff to the wheat"—while the vespers from the throne of the universe echo back: "Thus saith the Lord." Then we have the only Bible direction about preaching. "Faithfully." Not beautifully, that is "chaff"—not learnedly that is "chaff," not scientifically, not philosophically, in the common acception of these terms, that is "chaff." But. "Faithfully." That is the Almighty's whole system of Logic, Rhetoric, and Elocution in one word "Faithfully" Trustingly, Honestly, Sincerely, Earnestly as not only believing that word yourself—but having felt its power. You know that which you speak to be from God—and why thus? Because, "Is not my word like as a fire, saith the Lord and like a hammer that breaketh the rocks in pieces." The results, then are the evidences that we have spoken the word of God, and spoken it "Faithfully." Then why this talk in the church about "hard places," "hard hearts," &c. The "fire" of God's truth will meet the hardest heart. And the "hammer" of God's truth, will break the hardest "rock in pieces." "Wheat" for food. "Fire" to soften and the "hammer" to break; this is God's material for the conversion of the world. He uses human agency for the accomplishment of his purpose, and they must use the material God furnishes. "Faithfully." And "my word shall not return unto me void."

The "wheat" is food—the "chaff" refuse. 1. Feed the people on the "wheat" i. e. the truth "Thy word is truth. 2. Bring the words of him to hear who "out of Christ is a consuming fire." "Is not my word like as a fire."

A rock as hard that a trip-hammer, driven by a ten hundred horse-power, could not break it, may be pulverized into dust by the hand of an infant with a tack-hammer after the application of sufficient heat. The hardest steel is moulded by the smallest hammer, if the proper heat is first attained. Why have we spiritual dwarfs in the church? Because they feed on "chaff." Why a lack of success in saving souls? Because the "fire" and "hammer" are not applied faithfully.

Whitfield used often to cry, "Fire from heaven come down." John Knox cried, "Give me Scotland or I die." Charnock cried, "Give me souls or take my soul." This nation if ever saved, must have men "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." Education is well—the more we are educated, the higher the education the better, but the best collegiate education may leave the heart as cold as an icicle. It needs the Holy Ghost to melt this college icicle into a genial stream of law, and make him a "chosen vessel fit for the Master's use."

"O that the fire from heaven might fall  
And all our sins consume,  
Come Holy Ghost for thee we call,  
Spirit of burning come."

M. D. MILLER.

Cal.

## Home.

BY BERTHA JOHNSON.

There is no other word in any dictionary or book of any kind, that is so precious and so full of tenderest memory and affection as "Home." When the time comes to the young man, that he ceases to love the home of his parents and childhood, he may be sure he is on the downward track. He may take his part of the common stock and turn it into money, which he finds to be very hard cash indeed, and when he has squandered it all in some foolish way, and he comes to himself and his better nature and real manhood asserts itself, he feels that the best thing he can do is to go home. Suppose some young boy wants to go to sea, and become a sailor, but his father and mother do not want him to go, but in spite of all the good words and kind advices, he goes against their will. After he gets through with one voyage he is so tired of the sea that he runs off to some foreign country and gets into business with unknown men, who cheat him out of almost everything he has. And so he is left, out in a country he knows nothing about, has no friends, no father or mother to comfort him, and can find no work to do. "Well" he says, "I will go home, father and mother will be glad to see me." He wanders around for some time, till at last he reaches his own country again. How natural things look. But when he nears the small place it does not seem quite so natural. He finds the place where his happy home use to be, but when he inquires for his father and mother, he finds,

That they are dead  
Those two are dead  
Their spirits are in heaven.

His old home does not look natural, he wanders to the graves of "those he loved," and no doubt sheds tears as he recalls their sad looks and kind voices giving him good advice when he went away. He thinks perhaps it was he who broke their hearts. If I could live this life over "says he" I would kindly take their advice and stay at home with them. But, as it is, I will have to make the best of it I can. So it is when you do not mind your parents. The best place for boys to stay, and girls too, is at home if they have a good one, and their parents able to keep them. If all homes would be pleasant as they ought, what a grand thing it would be for this world and the people in it. But they are not all pleasant. In some homes the children quarrel and fight, pull one another's hair and have a very noisy time. The father comes home at night drunk, and beats his children around as if they were nothing more to him than an old cat or dog.

In other homes the children are all kind and love to please one another. The parents are kind to their children and every thing is always neat and clean.

Boys and girls just think how good "home" is. In the winter you come home from school find a bright fire blazing in the cozy sitting room, a mother to meet you with kind words and give you a greeting kiss. Home is the best place in the world, and I know when you are away from home, you are nearly always thinking of home. After all when you want to go away from home against your parents will always take their kind advice, for they know best. If you do go, you will not be gone long till you will wish you were back again and you will say or think, "There's no place like home."

## "Resist The Devil."

A poor chimney sweeper's boy was employed at the house of a lady of rank to clean the chimney of her chamber. Finding himself on the hearth of the lady's dressing-room, and perceiving no one there, he waited a few moments to take a view of the beautiful things in the apartment. A gold watch, richly set with diamonds, particularly caught his attention, and he could not forbear taking it in his hand. Immediately the wish arose in his mind, "Ah, if thou hadst such a one!" After a pause, he said to himself, "But if I take it I shall be a thief. And yet," continued he, "no one sees me. No one? Does not God see me, who is present everywhere? Should I then be able to say my prayers to him after I had committed this theft? Could I die in peace?" Overcome by these thoughts a cold shivering seized him. "No," said he, laying down the watch; "I had much rather be poor and keep my good conscience, than rich and become a rogue." At these words he hastened back into the chimney.

The countess, who was in the room adjoining, having overheard his soliloquy, sent for him the next morning, and thus accosted him: "My little friend, why did you not take the watch yesterday?" The boy fell on his knees, speechless and astonished. "I heard everything you said," continued her ladyship. "Thank God for enabling you to resist this temptation, and be watchful over yourself for the future. From this moment you shall be in my service. I will both maintain and clothe you; nay, more, I will procure you good instruction, that shall ever guard you from the danger of similar temptations." The boy burst into tears; he was anxious to express his gratitude, but he could not. The countess strictly kept her promise, and had the pleasure to see him grow up a pious and intelligent man.—Sel.

## "Death Or Deep Water."

A vessel was once approaching Liverpool. Night was drawing near, the sky was cloudy; and there were tokens of a gathering storm. The captain did not seem to understand his business, and managed to get his vessel away down on the flats, where it was in imminent danger of being wrecked. A pilot started out to board the ship. He would have been glad to have avoided the job; but it was his turn, and he must go where duty called. The pilot boat came alongside, and the pilot jumped into the chains, sprang on deck, and said to the captain, "What have you brought your ship down here for? Call all hands aft." They came, and he said, "Now, boys, it is death or deep water! Hoist the mainsail!"

The men saw at once that there was work to be done, and a pilot on board who knew his business. They sprang to their places with a will, and by putting forth their best exertions, they saved the ship.

Are there not too many Christians who are out of the channel, and drifting on to the shoals of worldiness, and pride, and indifference; who need to hear the faithful pilot's voice crying out, "Now, boys, it is death or deep water?"

A mere theoretical knowledge of divine things will never avail us when the night of wrath and the storm of judgment garter on the world.

A dead faith will not save us from shipwreck. If we are to make the heavenly port, we must find safer sailing than can be found among the shoals and quicksands of empty profession and religious formalism. Let us heed the pilot's voice, and endeavour, by God's grace assisting us, to launch forth into deep water, and make sure work for both time and eternity. "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure."

A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear. It is in the cracks, crannies and gulfy faults of our belief, the gaps that are not faith, that the snow of apprehension settles and the ice of unkindness forms.

Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, but they part at heaven's door, for there is no room for crosses in heaven. Sorrow and the saints are not married together; but were it so heaven will make a divorce.